Which 1400. yeers ago were naild,
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse.
But this our purpose now is twelue month old,
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we wil goe.
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosen Westmerland,
What yester night our Counsell did decree
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdforshire to fight
Against the irregular, and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold, or spoken of.

King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the holy Land.

West. This matcht with other did my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
Came from the North, and thus it did import,
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did spend
A sad and bloudy houre:
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Here is deare, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.

Stain'd